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A PLEADING FOR THE YOUNG.

TAKE a walk out of town with an old and a young dog, and see how different in all respects are their behaviour. While the elder gentleman trudges slowly but steadily along the road, turning little to the right or left, except for particularly odorous hillocks or more than usually interesting friends of his own species, the youngster is over walls in all directions, coursing through fields after sheep, hens, or nothing, barking for joy even when chased by indignant shepherds or old women; at one moment a quarter of a mile to the right; next moment seen descending the wall on that side of the road, and quick as an arrow up the wall on the other side; then presently heard faintly at half a mile's distance to the left; two minutes more, and he is again scrambling down the wall, and dancing after his tail on the road before you. Seeing manifestations so different, one cannot well resist the belief that these are animals under totally different influences. The same thing is to be observed of the respectable old mouser who sits washing her sober face by the cottage fire, not moving for a whole evening, as compared with the pranksome kitten who cannot see a straw move on the floor without rushing to make fun with it, or, if nothing is stirring at all, will caper merrily up into the air, pirouette, and come down again, saying, as plainly as natural language can speak, "I can't help all this folly, for I am young, thoughtless, and happy!" Indeed, the young of most creatures are mirthful and frolicsome, as if there were some ordinance to that effect in Providence, and a good end in view to result from it—as no doubt there is. It must arise from the state of the vital spirits (to use common language) of the animal, and must be designed to promote some process in organisation for which lively movement is requisite. Probably, the fact simply is, that the system of the young animal needs incessant exercise to firm and strengthen it, and, to cause this exercise to be taken, a restless, endless disposition to fun and frolic has been implanted. None but the *too* serious could say that this view is derogatory to the dignity of the lord of nature. God is the author of mirth and of all that can promote it, as certainly as he is the creator of the most solemn affections. We may even here remember that the most inspired of worshippers danced before the ark, and thought it proper to call upon his people to enter the temple "with joy."

Now, I would ask if, in all the range of human experience, an old dog was ever seen to express the least disapprobation of his junior, when the said junior was capering away beside him? Was the sagest old grimalkin ever known to interfere, when she saw her light-hearted son doing his best to entangle the bobbins of her mistress? Is there such a thing as an authenticated case of an elderly goat, with the most reverend of all possible beards, rebuking a kid for saying "Let's have a dance upon the heath?" I never heard of such a thing, and I do not believe that any young animal ever yet was snubbed by its seniors, let it be ever so outrageous in its fun. This is surely a most sensible thing in the grown-up people of the lower animal world, for, were they to do otherwise, they would assuredly be thwarting and impeding one of the processes of nature requisite for the welfare of their respective tribes.

The young of the human family are as sportive as the young of any known animals, and probably for equally good reasons; but how are they treated? Unfortunately, man is a very wise creature. He has a vast deal of rationality about him, a deep sense of propriety, and thanks God that he was not left to nature. He therefore sets himself to keep down the indecorous good spirits of the young, and to make them all as grave as himself as soon as possible. "Less noise there, youngsters, or you shall all be put out of the room." "No nonsense, boys; do you ever see me leaping over chairs in that way?" "Come, now, here are fifteen hexameters to be got by heart, and the first rascal that sniggers shall be whipped." Such are the amiable addresses of the elderly Bimana to *their* young; the consequence of which, if there is any truth in our theory, must certainly be, that the intentions of nature (to use no higher word) are in their case defeated to a certain extent, and the organisation in that degree marred and enfeebled.

Children are, altogether, most unfortunate creatures. The happy puppy is an independent member of the canine world, with every thing but a vote for a member of Parliament, in a few weeks from his birth. But the infant man is in tutelage for twenty-one years—and such tutelage! On many of the most essential points for the prosperity of their offspring, ninety-nine of every hundred fathers and mothers are as ignorant as they are of the quadrature of the circle. The predominating idea of almost all is to make the hapless little wretches intrusted to them as demurely wise as themselves. They have all of them a perfect recollection of their own sufferings under this process; but yet no one dreams that there is any thing wrong about it. It must have been all owing to the waywardness of the young mind that they were themselves restless and uneasy, if not dispirited and wretched, under the severe measures adopted by *their* parents. Or the severity had never been severe enough to accomplish the end. Wo be to the youngsters whose parents think they were not held tightly enough in by the generation antecedent! Children are not managed as children. They are treated as men and women, who, by some strange perversity in their nature, will not behave as men and women ought to do. The rebellious creatures won't sit still a minute, nor think for a moment. With splendid examples of decorum, rationality, and studiousness, constantly before them in their seniors, they *will* persist in every thing that is rantipole. Coaxing, bribing, thrashing—nothing will do. No, my friends, and that simply because the creatures are *not* men and women in a state of rebellion from the standard of propriety, but children, who will only be men and women by and bye, *if you will allow them to grow.*

Ponder well, ye parents dear. Only consider what children are. Receive into your minds, *if possible*, the idea that there is such a thing as nature, producing endless diversities of being, and fixing regulations peculiarly adapted for the welfare of each. Look at the analogous case of the young of the speechless animals, and be convinced that there is something in the restless bounding spirits of your own juveniles, which cannot safely be altogether repressed. Much play, free vent to the spirit of jocundity—that is the proper maxim for the management of young people, because it is what nature dictates. We often recollect with pleasure the qualification which a friend of ours asked for in a teacher for his children—"Can you laugh and make fun?" It was strictly philosophical. The boy is not learning any thing when he is amusing himself, but he is strengthening his brain that it may be better able to learn and to act when the good time comes. Is it not better to begin life with the good sound instrument, fit for the utmost duty its natural reach of power admits of, than with an enfeebled instrument which has only got a smattering of a great number of things it does not comprehend? Old and precise people like to see a quiet, grave child. In sober truth, there is nothing more alarming. It is almost sure to be an indication of some extraordinary quality of not a safe kind. There are varieties, of course; some are quieter than others; but for a young person to want all tendency to romping, and frolic, and gaiety, is, in the eye of a right philosophy, a thing not to be admired, still less to be desired, but, on the contrary, to be regarded with apprehension, and treated with care. A merry schoolmaster, I apprehend, is there particularly wanted.

Children, as a class, are also sadly exposed to the distempered feelings of their seniors. On the one hand, we have extravagant indulgence, vitiating the character almost before it has had time to show the first spring-flowers of its native innocence—on the other, austerity, ill-nature, and gloom, making all the May of life a November, checking the growth of the affections, and introducing distrust and fear where as yet unsuspecting confidence should reign. Of the two evils, I have no hesitation in saying that the first is the least. There is a time between childhood and manhood when the character may be said to go through a process resembling fermentation, and the effects of spoiling and of simply erroneous treatment of various kinds are in a great measure thrown off. But take away from a child all the joyousness proper to his young years, and let him only know his parents, or others that have been around him, as tyrants, and the evil is irreparable. His life has wanted an element. He has not known that morning sunshine of the breast which is the brightest of all moral sunshine. Treated himself without gentleness, affection, and mercy, he has not the call of a recollection of his own experiences to treat others with gentleness, affection, or mercy. He is rather disposed to revenge his own sufferings upon other people, as the genie confined in the barrel and thrown into the sea vowed to destroy whoever let him out. Thus sourness goes down like an estate with a family, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation. How many a man known in public as a hard-natured person, unforgiving of debtors, inaccessible to petitions from the widow and orphan, rigid as a master and in all the relations of life, unbending even to gratify himself, might point, for the source of all his unfortunate qualities, to a parental home which was to him only a den of misery! If thus bad to those who had no share in blighting his infant happiness, how can he be good to those who did? It is surely most absurd to treat children harshly, and yet expect them to love and reverence us! In the common world, if we constantly rail at any one, call him contumelious names, beat him, and visit him with every kind of injustice, do we find that he loves us the more? Is not rather the slightest departure from civil usage the surest plan to produce aversion in both our equals and inferiors? How strange, when this is so clear, that we should suppose we can wound the self-esteem and sense of justice of a child, besides inflicting actual pain upon his flesh, and that he nevertheless will continue to love us! It is no doubt necessary to take firm measures with children, in order to keep them right in many instances; but a constant exhibition of harshness and oppression is not necessary, any more than it is in our ordinary intercourse with the world. Many men, however, who would not for a great deal use a word out of joint before company or in the transaction of business, allow themselves the latitude of Billingsgate and of a slave-owner in their intercourse with their children. It would be wrong to say that young people remember these insults and injuries as grown people

would, for the mind at that time of life has not the same power of retaining impressions which it possesses in its maturity. But can we doubt that a general impression of the treatment received in the parental home is retained? I have heard men in middle life speak with heart-felt indignation of the cruel usage they had received from their parents, and make no scruple to avow any thing but respect for their memories. The long-protracted misery had eaten into their nature, and principle, though it could make them forgive, could not make them forget it. On the other hand, I have heard persons in mature life advert with melting tenderness to little acts of kindness extended to them in their childhood by parents and neighbours. No, no; the years of childhood never can become a blank in the memory. The incidents of those years may not in all instances be reckoned individually, but they tell in the mass. The rationally kind parent is thought of in association with the recollection of that happiness which he promoted or was the occasion of, and may hope to be treated in his own latter pupilage with a return of the courtesy and the humanity which he showed to his children; but for the severe parent what can be expected but that he should be looked back upon as the dismal deity who presided over a period of misery—an object of involuntary horror, loathing, and contempt?

Other sufferings the young experience in many instances, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances of their parents. The young of the poor, says good Charles Lamb, are not brought up, they are dragged up. But these are evils which it may be presumed no parents would see their little ones exposed to, if they could help it. Here, it may be said, they only undergo their share of the unavoidable hardships of life. And yet it is much more sad, somehow, to think of the children's share, than that of the parents. It may be because the former are so utterly helpless to screen themselves from or to remove out of the way of the evils of poverty—not even able to recognise what it is that produces their sufferings—while the parents have at least some control over their own fate. However the case may be in these respects, it is obvious enough that such sufferings tell as severely as any others upon the young, repressing the natural spirits, introducing sadness where joy should be, and leaving a memory of pain to cast its long shade over all the future years of life. It may be said of such children that they have had no youth. That delightful season, with all its associations, is a blank in the calendar of their lives. Can we doubt that, in their case also, evils flow, and will flow to the end of their days, from a defect so unnatural? Oh, parents, if by any means ye can spare your children any share of your own mishaps, be entreated to make every exertion to do so. Shelter the tender bloom of their minds from the blasts of misfortune. Let *them* sport, unknowing that *you* weep. Give them, if you can, a *youth*, and so ensure to them not only a positive period of happiness, comprising no slight part of their stated span, but also one of the highest sources of enjoyment for the remainder of their existence.

REPORT ON BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.

The registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages, has recently presented to both Houses of Parliament his second annual report, which has been printed and published.

We now proceed to transfer to our columns some portions of the interesting information which is to be found in this report. The period embraced is the year ending June 30, 1839. The numbers registered in that period were, for the whole of England—

Births, - - - - -	480,540
Deaths, - - - - -	331,007
Marriages, - - - -	121,083

"which, compared with the numbers for the preceding year, show, for births, an increase of 80,828; for deaths, a decrease of 4949; for marriages, an increase of 9602." This decrease in the number of deaths, as compared with that of the preceding year, the registrar-general ascribes to a diminished mortality, and not to imperfect registration. "I have found no reason," says he, "to believe that the registration of deaths has been conducted with less care and efficiency than before; but in comparing recent returns of the causes of death with those of the first year of registration, I have found reason to believe that the mortality of that year was above the average, owing to the inclemency of the winter in the beginning of the year 1838, and to some epidemics, the prevalence and severity of which appear to have subsequently declined."

With respect to the proportion of the mortality to the population of England and Wales, it has been found impossible at present to do more than approximate to a solution of that important question, owing to the want of correct data for arriving at an estimate of the population. This difficulty will, however, be shortly obviated, for by an act* recently passed by the legislature, a commission, with the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages at its head, is to be formed for taking an account of the population of Great Britain, with power to divide the country into districts, and to appoint persons as enumerators for each district for taking such account. The period named for taking this account of the population, is the 1st of July 1841.

The registrar-general next adverts to the manner in which the records deposited in his office may be rendered useful in illustrating the condition of the people; and this appears to us the most interesting part of the report. The registers of marriages, for instance, are calculated to throw much light upon the state of education, with respect to the ability to write, among the adult population in England and Wales, every marriage almost being duly registered, and every register of marriage signed by the parties married, "those who are able writing their names, and those who are unable, or who write very imperfectly, making their marks." It must be borne in mind, however, that this will only enable us to arrive at the proportion of persons who are able to write *among those married*; and the portion of the whole population exhibited in the yearly returns of marriages is small. In the report before us it is estimated at about seven or eight marriages to one thousand of the population. "If, therefore, it be assumed that persons between the ages of eighteen and sixty-five constitute half the population (which the enumeration of ages in 1821 shows to be very nearly the case), it will follow, that of those who may be considered the marriageable portion of the community, about thirty in every thousand (or three per cent.) are married yearly. The portion, therefore, whose signatures appear in the marriage registers of a single year, is sufficiently small to be easily affected by accidental circumstances; and it cannot safely be asserted that the thirty in one thousand, from whose signatures we would draw an inference respecting the other nine hundred and seventy, may not happen to consist of more than the proportionate number of uneducated persons. It must not therefore be hastily assumed, upon the evidence afforded by the returns of a single year, that the inhabitants of any particular county or district are less educated than their neighbours. The experiment must be repeated often, and be attended with similar results, before this inference can be drawn with safety; and it is only when returns of the same description, given for several successive years, shall have exhibited similar facts, that it will be perfectly justifiable to arrive at any unfavourable conclusion with respect to any particular district."

From the registers of marriages deposited in his office during the year ending June 1839, the registrar-general has constructed a table, exhibiting the proportion per cent. in the metropolis, in each English county, and in North and South Wales, of the persons married who have signed with their marks. This return indicates a decided superiority with regard to education, or rather the ability to write, in the metropolis, as compared with the rest of England and Wales, and, next to the metropolis, in the north of England. The counties in which the proportion of persons married who are unable to write is greatest, appears to be in Lancashire, Bedfordshire, Monmouthshire, and Wales. There is one remarkable circumstance apparent in this table, namely, that throughout the whole of England and Wales, without a single exception, the ability of the men to write appears superior to that of the women. The proportions per cent., for the whole kingdom, of the parties who have signed the registers with marks, are thirty-three in the number of males, and forty-nine in that of females, the mean number being forty-one.

It must be remembered that these calculations regarding the ability to write give no insight into the amount and nature of the education now afforded in England, and that they are only applicable to the past, a period of between ten and twenty years ago. "Inability to write," says the registrar-general, "is, without doubt, indicative of considerable deficiency in other kinds of elementary education. Opinions will differ as to the extent to which such deficiency may from thence be inferred; and this is a question the solution of which I will not attempt."

We shall conclude our brief notice of the report before us with an extract of a novel and interesting kind, containing an account of the number of marriages that occur at the various stages of human life throughout this kingdom. "The average age at which persons are married in England and Wales has never yet been ascertained, nor do the returns deposited in this office enable me to do so with certainty; for the column headed 'age' in the register of marriage is required to be filled not by the actual ages of the parties married, but only by a statement whether each is of full age or a minor. There was, however, considerable misapprehension on this subject, notwithstanding my endeavours to circulate information, when the recent registration and marriage-acts first came into operation; and it appeared, on the reception of the quarterly returns of certified copies, that in many districts the precise ages of the parties married had been uniformly inserted. This being the case, and as the information is of a novel kind, I subjoin the result of an examination of the recorded ages in 4858 marriages, which, as they are not selected instances, but belonged to districts varying greatly in situation and character, and included every marriage in such districts, thus comprising persons of every class, may be presumed to be a fair example of the ages at which marriages occur throughout the whole kingdom.

Ages.			Men.		Women.
15 and under	20	-	159	-	688
20 -	25	-	2536	-	2527
25 -	30	-	1150	-	861
30 -	35	-	398	-	320
35 -	40	-	219	-	187
40 -	45	-	156	-	134
45 -	50	-	103	-	76
50 -	55	-	70	-	38
55 -	60	-	39	-	17
60 -	65	-	19	-	6
65 -	70	-	4	-	4
70 -	75	-	4	-	0
75 -	80	-	1	-	0
			4858		4858"

The result of calculations made on this abstract by the registrar-general, showed that the average age of marriage was, for men, about twenty-seven years; for women, twenty-five years and a few months.

CHARLOTTE AND SUSAN—AN IRISH STORY.

Charlotte Murray and Susan Mills were companions in their childhood. The first of them was the daughter of a poor widow, who supported herself and her children by cultivating a few acres of inferior land, situated in a lonely part of the county of Clare. Charlotte, the eldest of the family, was trained in her youth to every species of rural labour, and more particularly to the task of bringing turf from the adjoining hills. In this occupation she was often joined by the children of the neighbourhood, and, in especial, by Susan Mills, the daughter of a farmer of the better class, who lived hard by. Susan did not absolutely require to work like Charlotte, but she followed the same employments as the latter, from a love of companionship and amusement. The two girls remained in their native place till they grew to womanhood, and by this time their respective characters were in part developed. Susan, who was very pretty, displayed an early love of dress and show. The other had neither the same inclinations, nor the means of indulging them, though she was scarcely less comely than her friend.

Susan was the first to quit her home. Her father declined in circumstances, and she had to look out for a place. She had, according to her mother's notions, received a good education—that is to say, she read fluently, could write a little, was very expert at her needle, and had a tolerable knowledge of mantua-making; she was generally handy, and had a good address. With such qualifications, it was not difficult for her to procure a place in a respectable family, where her business was to take care of children, and occasionally to wait upon her lady. This situation pleased Susan particularly. She received from her mistress frequent presents of clothes, which, by her expertness and ingenuity, she made look nearly as good as new, and which, though she was kept pretty busy, she contrived to display to the admiring eyes of the village beaux. When she had been about a year at Mrs Halford's, the widow Murray, understanding that a person was wanting there to assist the housemaid, and to do the drudgery of the nursery, applied for the place for her daughter, and obtained it. Susan was by no means pleased at this arrangement, as she did not desire to have another pretty girl to share with her in the attentions of the smart young men who frequented Halford Hall. Upon reflection, however, she judged that her own superior elegance of attire, and coquettish airs, would always ensure her a decided preference. Charlotte had, indeed, but little opportunity of attracting admiration, for she had a great deal to do.

Her early habits of laborious industry, however, enabled her to perform her task with ease and cheerfulness; she gave her whole mind to her business, and soon became the most efficient servant in the house. Susan, adroit and clever, was, while under her mistress's eye, an excellent attendant; but the moment she could escape with impunity, she made no scruple of leaving her business and running off in search of diversion. It was Mrs Halford's custom to visit the nursery every night, to see that the children were asleep and the maids in bed. One night after the lady's visit was over, Charlotte, who had been in a sound sleep, was awakened by the cries of one of the children who usually slept with Susan: on rising to see what was the matter, she was surprised to find that Susan had left the room, and was gone down stairs. Having quieted the child as well as she could, she returned to her own little charge, and continued awake, watching for the return of her fellow-servant; but one o'clock, two o'clock struck, and no Susan

* 34 and 4th Vict. cap. 99.

appeared. She came at length stealthily up, and admitted, on seeing Charlotte awake, that she had been down stairs, having a drop of punch and a cup of tea with the cook, and one or two "boys," cousins of that personage. Charlotte remonstrated with her friend, saying how angry the lady would be at the children being left. Susan admitted this, but "if she had come up, sure you could tell her I only went down to warm a drop of milk for the child, and that you'd run and call me."

"I'd run and call you with pleasure, Susan; but as to telling any lies about it, it's what I wouldn't do for my own sister."

"Oh, you are mighty nice, indeed; maybe you'd be glad to tell a white lie for yourself yet."

Susan afterwards endeavoured to prevail on Charlotte to take advantage of the casual absence of their mistress, and join a junketting party by night.

"I thank you kindly for your good nature, Susan," said Charlotte; "but my mother charged me on my duty never on any account to leave the child I had the care of to another."

"Well, you must take your own way—I spoke for the best."

Having once resisted the temptation, every succeeding trial became more easy to Charlotte, particularly as her fellow-servants soon gave up as vain the attempt to persuade her to join them. But she had trials of another kind. Those who know any thing of young girls must be aware that it is a serious grievance to them, especially if they be handsome, to be obliged to appear in a dress inferior to that of their companions. Now Charlotte had determined in her own mind that she would save out of her wages what would help to pay the rent for her mother, whom she knew to be hard pushed to make it up. To effect this, it was absolutely necessary that she should purchase for her own use none but the plainest clothes. Meanwhile Susan, always flauntingly dressed, spent her time in gaiety. By means of great natural quickness, and various expedients, she had contrived to elude detection, not only with respect to her evening amusements, but to many little absences during the day, which she timed so well, that her mistress never missed her. There was scarcely a party, high or low, from that given in the exalted mansion of the thriving shopkeeper or collector of excise to the more humble festivities of the gardener's cottage, which did not boast of Susan as its greatest ornament. Admirers of all classes swelled her train, and she gave sufficient encouragement to each to retain him in her chains. Yet, with all these advantages, it may be fairly questioned whether Charlotte were not in reality the happier of the two; she enjoyed that constant serenity of mind which the consciousness of having performed our duty to the best of our ability produces, and she had not left it in the power of any one to injure her by reports to her disadvantage; while Susan, on the contrary, lived in constant fear lest any of her manœuvres should be betrayed by some spiteful enemy or treacherous friend.

The long wished-for Easter at length arrived, and Charlotte set out with a light heart to visit her friends, taking with her the small sum which she had accumulated by her industry and self-denial. Her mother, and her little brother and sister, were watching for her at the door; and their joy at seeing her, and the widow's surprise and gratitude at sight of the little sum she had saved, amply repaid her for all her sacrifices. A young sailor, who had come up from the shore, where he occasionally resided, to visit a cousin who lived upon the mountain side, chanced to be in the widow's house at the moment when Charlotte entered; and had not her whole mind been absorbed by the joy of meeting her friends, it is probable that she would have noticed him more than she did, for there was something striking and pleasing in his appearance. He was tall, of a fine figure, and, though but a common sailor, he had, by seeing something of the world, acquired an ease of manner and deportment not usual in his sphere of life, while his open honest countenance had lost nothing of the ingenuous expression it bore when first he left his native village. This young man, who was a good judge of beauty, and did not consider fine clothes necessary to make a fine woman, was attracted by Charlotte's rosy cheeks and soft blue eyes, but he was still more struck by the affectionate pleasure he saw in her countenance at the meeting with her family. And when he heard from his cousin of her dutiful conduct towards her mother, and the self-denial she had practised in the performance of it, he longed to be better acquainted with her—he visited her mother's cottage every evening during her stay, and was more and more pleased with her conversation.

Soon after Charlotte returned to her place, she happened to go at an unusually early hour to the breakfast-room to seek for some of the children's things which had been forgotten there the night before. As she approached the door, she thought she heard a key turned in a lock in a hurried manner, and on entering, she saw Susan carrying away something in her apron. A lump of sugar, dropped as she went out, showed what that something was. Charlotte had always wondered how her fellow-servant, even with her superior wages, could afford tea morning and night, while she herself took stirabout or porridge. A suspicion arose, in spite of Charlotte's desire to think well of Susan; and when the latter offered some of her tea to her early friend, the offer was not accepted. Charlotte also ventured to remonstrate with Susan on the score of the encouragement given by the latter to a squireen called O'Flaherty, a wild young man, and who was even said to have a wife already, though one deserted by him. But the remonstrance was unheeded.

About this time, a young man of respectable station, named Davis, began to pay some attentions to Charlotte, and on one occasion asked her to go to a sort of fair and dance at some distance, where Susan and others were to be. Mr and Mrs Halford were from home with the children, and "there could be no harm," Susan said, "in going." But Charlotte had not asked leave to absent herself, and her well-regulated mind shrunk from any act unknown to her master and mistress. At the same time, she had a great desire to see the sport with others. After being long pressed by Susan, Charlotte retired to the nursery, and sat down to consider, before the young beaux came to escort the party. "If I wait for the boys," said she, "it is all over with me; I shall never be able to resist their persuasions and flattery; I'd best take myself out of the way before they come. And it's what I'll do," said she, starting up and running in search of the old gardener, a staid, prudent man, and very good-natured. To him she hastily explained the state of her affairs. "And now, Thomas," said she, "what I'll do is this—I'll go and hide behind the high yew hedge by the garden gate, till the bustle is over, and they are all gone; and when you hear them calling for me, do you tell them that I went out of the way purposely, and that it's useless to wait for me." The gardener promised to obey her directions; and she retired to her hiding-place, where she waited about an hour, which appeared to her at least three. She was so tired of waiting, that she said to herself, "They must have gone by though I did not hear them, and I may go out;" but just as she was preparing to emerge from her obscurity, she heard the voices of the happy party, laughing and talking as they passed. She distinguished Mr Davis's voice, repeating her name with expressions of regret. Soon the sounds died away in the distance; and when they were irrevocably gone, poor Charlotte's resolution gave way, and she indulged in a hearty fit of crying.

She at length dried her eyes, and, angry at her own foolish regrets, sat down with her psalm-book before the kitchen-fire, where the old gardener was smoking his pipe. A knock came to the door, and she thought some one had returned for her. She was so much agitated, that the old gardener was obliged to open the door; at which appeared, not Mr Davis, but a very different sort of person—the young sailor whom Charlotte had seen several times at her mother's. He entered with a smiling air.

"Will you receive a visiter from your own country, Miss Charlotte, who brings you news of your mother and family?" said he, producing a letter.

"My mother? oh, when did you see her—is she well?"

"Quite well, and commissioned me to deliver this into your own hands, and to bring her an exact account of your health and welfare; and I assure you I never received a commission with greater pleasure in all my life. I met some of your acquaintances going to a great party; upon my inquiring for you, they laughed, and said, they supposed you knew what you were about, and waited at home on purpose to receive me. I told them I was not so happy as to be able to believe that, as you knew nothing of my coming. And now, may I presume to ask how it happened that you did not accompany them?"

"I will tell you," said the gardener; "it was because she preferred her duty to her pleasure."

The young man looked at Charlotte with respect and admiration.

"I should count myself very fortunate," said he, "if Miss Charlotte would permit me to remain for an hour or two, to talk to her of her friends."

"And so you shall," said the old gardener. "Nurse and I are going to our dish of tea, and I invite you to take share of it, whether Charlotte asks you or not."

Willie Hewson, for that was the young sailor's name, contrived to make the evening pass so agreeably, that Charlotte ceased to regret the amusement she had lost; he told some humorous stories with great effect, sung several sea songs, and showed that ardent desire to please which seldom fails in attaining its object. From this hour, Mr Davis's attentions had no longer any chance of becoming acceptable to Charlotte; neither could her fellow-servants, by all their exaggerated descriptions of the delights of the show, cause one sigh of regret for the pleasures she had missed.

From the time of Susan's visit to the show, where she, it was well known, had met Mr O'Flaherty, her daily absences became so frequent, that her mistress's suspicions were at length awakened, and it was announced to her that unless she was more careful in her conduct, she must not expect to retain her situation. This intimation was received in sullen silence, and the next day, when Mrs Halford inquired for Susan, she was nowhere to be found. She had been seen in company with her lover early in the morning, and it was soon ascertained that they had gone off together. There were various reports concerning them for some days. It was at one time asserted that they were actually married.

Charlotte was now installed in her old friend's place, but she did not hold it long. Her mother grew so ill, that the dutiful daughter found herself incapable of staying away from home. She went home, and, by her kind tendance, restored the widow to some degree of health; but, alas! all her exertions could not keep the farm in their hands. They fell behind with the rent, and lost the ground. Then Charlotte was compelled to look for some other means of supporting her mother and the two younger members of the family. The only employment which she could think of was that of gathering sea-weed on the beach, about three miles from the cottage. This weed was sent to Limerick to make kelp. She spoke to her mother of the plan. "Charlotte dear," said she, "you don't know what you undertake, nor the slavery of it. You must be down upon the beach soon after break of day, and there you must stay till nightfall; and you'll have nothing to eat the whole long day but a few cold potatoes or a bit of bread, for you must be sensible that I could not spare the little girl to go with your dinner to you, and then you'll have to come home in the cold and the wet after a hard day's work; you don't know what it is."

"Mother dear, have not I been out many a bitter day upon the mountains, and was never the worse for it; and sure it's not harder on me than upon others; and wouldn't it be worse to me an hundred times to see you want? So, mother dear, with the blessing of Heaven, I'll begin on Monday morning."

Charlotte found it, as her mother had said, a hard life, but she was strong and hearty, and her health did not suffer. She pursued her work with diligence, even when winter made it more severe. Nothing occurred to her worthy of mention, till, one day, a ship came into the harbour, and a boat from it put William Hewson ashore. His eye caught the figure of Charlotte on the beach, and he was sadly surprised to see her appearance indicating such extreme poverty.

"Do my eyes deceive me," said he, "or do I really see Charlotte Murray?"

Charlotte, slightly colouring, replied—"You do indeed, Mr Hewson. Our circumstances are much changed since you were here, and I am doing my best for our support."

"It is like yourself, Miss Charlotte; happy the parent that has such a daughter, and happy the man who gains such a wife."

During the period that Willie Hewson remained at home, he regularly joined the party on the beach; and never had Charlotte found the most delicate work in her lady's dressing-room so agreeable an occupation, as that of gathering sea-weed on the beach, when thus accompanied. But the day at last arrived when he must depart upon another voyage: he sailed, however, with improved prospects, as mate to a small trading vessel bound for Guernsey and the coast of France. About a month after his departure, as Charlotte was one evening returning from the shore wet and weary, she saw her little brother Dicky running down the mountain path with a face of consternation.

"What is the matter, Dicky?" said she—"oh, speak! what is the matter?" "Charlotte dear," said Dicky, "mammy is very bad, very bad entirely—screeching with the pain. Hurry home!"

Charlotte did hurry home, and sure enough she found her mother very ill. Great was the distress of the daughter; and it would have been greater had not the storminess of the night brought to the cot a gentleman seeking shelter. He got a seat by the side of the fire, and there overheard a remarkable discourse for such a place. The family had not one penny in the house, excepting a pound-note intrusted by a cousin to the widow. This note Charlotte wished to use in bringing a surgeon and procuring medicines, hoping to make it up afterwards. The sick woman would not hear of this for an instant. Struck by the scene, the traveller caused the surgeon to be sent for at his own cost. The widow suffered much; but the medicines given to her brought relief, and on the following day she was pronounced out of danger. The kind traveller called to see her; and after learning how she was, asked Charlotte who "the Willie Hewson was, whose name she had invoked in her distress." Charlotte told with a blush; and the gentleman surprised her by announcing himself as a relation of Hewson, just returned from India. "I must see Willie's father, who is my own full cousin," said Mr Hewson. "I know not what he may be now, but he was the best-natured fellow that could be; many a scrape he got me out of in my wild days."

"And he is still an excellent, kind-hearted person," said the widow; "but, poor man, he is quite disabled this many a year, and has nearly lost the use of his limbs, with the hardships he went through at sea. But he has the comfort of as good a son as can be in the world, I believe; he maintains his father and brothers, and portioned his sister, and had her well married, though he could badly spare the money at the time. I'm sure, sir, you'd like Willie. I'm sorry he's absent at present."

Mr Hewson was much pleased with what he saw at the cottage of Willie's father, and still more with what he heard of the young man from less partial judges than the Widow Murray or her daughter. He promised to renew his visit when Willie should return from his voyage. This happened in the course of a few days: the voyage had been prosperous—the young sailor was in high favour with his captain. When Willie learned all that Charlotte had suffered in consequence of her mother's illness, he said—"There is but one thing to be done, my dear Charlotte, and that is for us to be married before I depart upon another voyage; we have enough now to maintain the two families when joined, though it would be too little for them when separate, and you and your mother will be the means of making my father comfortable in his old days. So no more objections, my love, but take your own faithful Willie for your protector for life."

"Oh, Willie dear, how could I burden you with another family—you that are struggling to support your father and brothers, and find it hard enough to do that?"

"I shall have double strength and courage, Charlotte, when once I have secured you mine; for often, when I have been far away upon the seas, the notion that something might happen, and I might lose you for ever, would come across me, and my very heart would sink within me."

How the debate between the lovers would have ended, though it may be surmised, can never be decidedly known, for it was interrupted by the arrival of the stranger, who declared himself happy in having at length an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a relation who stood so deservedly high in the esteem of his neighbours. Willie's appearance did not disappoint his cousin, who was pleased with the ingenuous modesty of his look and manner. As soon as they were in private together, Mr Hewson began to question him as to his views and prospects in life; and soon perceived that his surmises were just, and that to be united to Charlotte was the wish nearest to Willie's heart. "From what I observed during the night I passed in the Widow Murray's cottage," said Mr Hewson, "I do not think that you, my young friend, could choose from a better stock; and I for my part should be glad, while I am assisting my relation, to be the means of rewarding the self-denying honesty and contented industry of that family. Do you think you have acquired sufficient knowledge of seafaring business to make a fit captain of a small trading vessel?"

At these words, Willie Hewson's eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed with delight; but checking his transports, he answered modestly—

"It is not for me, sir, to judge about myself—I will refer you to my captain; but if an earnest desire to acquire nautical knowledge, and a close attention to the duties of

my calling are of any avail, I believe I might venture upon such an undertaking."

"Very well; I will inquire into the business, and if I find you well qualified for it, I will, if you please, purchase a neat little vessel in which you may make short trading voyages that will not take you too long from your family; out of the profit of these voyages you shall, by degrees, pay me the price of the vessel. I shall also present you with a small sum as a portion for Charlotte, and this will serve to furnish your outfit, and to put your house in better repair."

The captain's report of William's diligence, prudence, and sobriety, as well as of his proficiency in all knowledge requisite for his station, was so satisfactory, that it confirmed Mr Hewson in his purpose. The vessel was purchased, and a tight little ship she was, and well rigged out; she was christened "The Lovely Charlotte," and on that same day Mr Hewson, acting the part of a father, bestowed the hand of her namesake upon the newly made captain. We will not attempt to describe the delight and gratitude of the youthful pair, the joy of their aged parents, nor the heartfelt satisfaction of the generous author of their happiness.

Charlotte was now in comparative comfort, and might, if she had chosen, have even lived luxuriously; but she was formed of a different temperament. Though Mr Hewson never proposed any time for the repayment of the debt due by Willie, the new-married wife thought that the task of restoration could not be too soon set about, and accordingly she at once began a course of frugality, which never ceased till she had paid up the whole sum, and had made her husband in reality master and owner of the Lovely Charlotte. Willie, or Captain Hewson, as we should call him, would often entreat her to give herself more indulgences; but she resisted all his persuasions. The consequence was, that her children were early inured to habits of economy, which served them through life.

And what was the end of Susan Mills? She came to see Charlotte, and boasted greatly of her grandeur. She invited Mrs Hewson to come and see her; but it was only after a lapse of several years that Charlotte, chancing to be near Carbery Lodge, as O'Flaherty's mansion was called, went to see her old friend, of whose history she of late knew nothing but by vague report. She was surprised, on entering the domain of Carbery, to see such an air of desolation all around: the fences were broken down, and the cattle strayed unheeded through the screen of fir-trees, where they were committing the most cruel devastations. Some children were playing near the hall door, which opening suddenly as Charlotte approached, a little boy rushed out sobbing violently with rage and grief; for the latter he seemed to have some cause, for his head was cut and bleeding.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Charlotte; "how were you hurt?"

"It was—it was mamma," said the child, crying more bitterly; "she banged the door of the press against my head, and all because that lying fellow there," said he, looking at his eldest brother, "told her I took the cake."

"And so you did, you dirty brat, with your ugly broken nose; you are the picture of old cankered granny—and mamma says so."

"Dirty brat yourself, I'm heir of Carbery Lodge."

Charlotte's little girl who had accompanied her, scared at the sounds of fraternal discord, to which she was unused, took refuge beneath her mother's cloak. "Oh shame, shame," said Charlotte, taking the wounded boy by the hand, "brothers to use such language to one another. Come with me, and I'll ask your mamma to put some plaster to your head to cure it." "No, no," said the boy, breaking from her, "I'll go and complain to grandmother."

Charlotte, shocked at this scene, knocked timidly at the door, which was opened by a fat woman, with a red face, and eyes that sparkled with rage; she had the handle of a sweeping-brush in her hand, with which she seemed prepared to oppose the entrance of the intruder. Upon seeing Charlotte, she stopped short; and after a pause exclaimed—"It is, it is Charlotte, I declare!" and her countenance relaxing from its stern expression, Charlotte, to her utter surprise, perceived that the fat red-faced woman was no other than Susan. Endeavouring to conceal her consternation at this discovery, she replied to Mrs O'Flaherty's complimentary speeches as well as she was able. "I'm sure I am happy to see you at last," said the lady; "better late than never. But I'm sorry you didn't see Carbery Lodge when my furniture was new; those children, there's no bearing them, they are so wicked, and so arch—see the figure they've made of every thing. It was only last night that brat smashed my beautiful chandelier that cost me my good three pounds; and see the way they burned my carpet, the rogues, with the poker."

The drawing-room did, indeed, exhibit the appearance of a place where all the imps of mischief had been let loose. The curtains, of a bright salmon colour, bordered with green, showed evident marks of dirty hands having been wiped in them; the sofa had been originally of the same hue, but had now exchanged it for that of the yellow clay regularly imported upon the children's shoes from the muddy ground before the door; then the gaudy beauties of the many-coloured paper on the walls were quite defaced by spots of grease and ink, dispersed over it with a profusion that seemed rather the effect of design than of chance—all, in short, within doors and without, bore the marks of reckless waste and comfortless extravagance. But nothing she had seen so much distressed Charlotte's feelings as the change in the appearance of her old companion. Six years before, Susan had been a very lovely woman, now scarce a trace of beauty remained; her face and neck, for the graceful turn of which she had been famed, were frightfully swollen; her cheeks, which had been tinged with the most delicate peach colour, were now of a fiery red, and blotched with scurvy; the pretty though coquettish expression of her countenance was exchange! for a look of lowering discontent; her figure, once so light and agile, was heavy and unwieldy, and her whole appearance gave too much colour to reports which had been spread of her having acquired a taste for spirituous liquors—reports which Charlotte had been unwilling to credit, but which a very disagreeable smell of whisky which pervaded the house too strongly confirmed.

"Well, and what will you take after your journey, Mrs Hewson?" said Susan; "a drop of punch would do no harm, and there's hot water ready," added she, rising to call the maid.

"Not any punch for me, Mrs O'Flaherty, I thank you kindly; but, if it wouldn't be too troublesome, a little tea would be the greatest treat you could give me, for it's a thing I don't very often use."

"And is that the case, my poor Charlotte? Well, I didn't think Captain Hewson was the sort of man to scrimp you that way! Why, even the wife of a common labourer sits down to her tea quite regular now-a-days; and he, that has such opportunities of getting it *cheap*, too, to deny you. Indeed, I'm very angry with him."

"Then you needn't, Mrs O'Flaherty. It isn't Willie's fault, indeed it isn't; for though he wouldn't get it the way you mean, for fear it would teach him to be a smuggler, it's often, from the very first, he pressed me to take it both morning and evening; but I considered that we were deeply in debt, and couldn't count any thing our own till we were clear; so I wouldn't be indulging myself, and I got only just what served the old people, that hadn't their appetites rightly."

"Well, to be sure, every one knows their own business best; but, for my part, I'd think myself fairly lost without my tea. The best I have, both green and black, and coffee, too—so you may take your choice."

"Coffee is very good, and Willie's always telling me so, but somehow it comes a little strange to me; so the black tea, ma'am, if you please, being what I'm used to, is what I'd like best."

"You shall have it, and I'm sorry you'll not let me order something more comfortable. As it happens, Mr O'Flaherty has taken away the key of the cellar in his pocket, or I could offer you a glass of wine, for we have both red and white in the cellar plenty."

"I don't in the least doubt it, ma'am, but wine is a thing quite out of my line."

While Charlotte was taking her tea, Susan began a long story of complaints, which may be too easily imagined to require any notice from us. It is sufficient to state, that Susan felt her domestic grievances the more keenly, because her attention was not called from them by the employments which generally occupy the time of those born in her station; and unable, from her want of education, to substitute the pursuits which interest the higher classes of society, she sought a temporary oblivion of her sorrows in the use of ardent spirits. This fatal resource, as usual, aggravated every evil, increasing the strength of her vindictive passions, till they rendered her an object of terror to her children, hatred to her servants, and disgust to her neighbours.

As Charlotte approached her own happy home, her spirits recovered from the depression produced by the scenes she had witnessed at Carbery Lodge; her little boys, who had been eagerly watching for her return, came running to meet her.

"Oh, mother, mother, how long you have been away; and the 'Lovely Charlotte' is come in, and father has brought such beautiful things—a gown all over moss roses for you, and a doll for Peggy, and a great big ship, with real mast and sails, for Tommy and me, and he's longing so to see you."

The gown all over moss roses was not requisite to hasten Charlotte's steps to meet her husband.

"This has been a prosperous voyage, my beloved wife," said he, as he embraced her. "I have cleared sufficient to discharge our debt to our generous relation. Such strict economy will be no longer necessary, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you enjoy those comforts from which you have so long debarred yourself."

Mr Hewson was much pleased by the integrity, industry, and self-denial evinced by his cousins in the early liquidation of their debt; and, like a prudent merchant, who, finding his first venture succeed, is inclined to risk another on a similar speculation, he began to consider in what manner he could best dispose of the price of the "Lovely Charlotte" for the benefit of his relations.

His namesake and godson, little George, though not quite such a genius as his fond parents fancied, was a fine intelligent boy, very assiduous, and desirous of improvement. Mr Hewson proposed taking upon himself the care and expense of his education, so as to fit him for entering as midshipman on board an East Indiaman, a situation where he would have the benefit of his relation's interest to obtain promotion, in case he deserved it. The delight with which this proposal, far exceeding their most sanguine hopes, was received by the parents, may be easily imagined.

Little George, profiting by the advantages bestowed upon him, conducted himself in such a manner as to give the greatest satisfaction to his friend and protector. When of a proper age, he was put on board an India ship, where his strict attention to the duties of his station obtained the approbation of his superiors. Rising gradually in his profession, he at length obtained the command of a vessel, and his benefactor had the pleasure of seeing him return from a successful voyage, as captain of an East Indiaman.

It was now in George's power to be of use to his brothers and sisters by his assistance. They were happily and respectably settled in life, while his continued good conduct, and dutiful affection towards his parents, rendered him the pride, delight, and support of their declining years.

Very different was the fate of the unfortunate Susan. Her love of spirituous liquors increased to such a degree, that her constitution, though naturally strong, could no longer withstand its effects. She lingered some months under a painful disease, uncheered by the kindness or sympathy of friend or relation, and sunk into the grave in the prime of life, with the painful conviction that her death would be regarded by her children with indifference, and hailed by her husband with undisguised satisfaction.

ENGLISH FARMERS' CLUBS.

Among the information of various kinds which we were able to pick up during a late visit to England, was the gratifying intelligence that there is an awakening interest in agricultural improvement on something like a general plan.

Two or three years ago, a great agricultural society was formed, on the model of the Highland Society of Scotland. This we noticed at the time as a thing auguring much good, and we are glad to find that the prediction is so far proved to have been a true one. For some time there have also existed local agricultural societies, which have in various respects proved advantageous in their respective districts. Other, and more familiar institutions, have at last sprung up. These are called farmers' clubs, and consist altogether of rent-paying agriculturists, it being essential to their existence and utility that no landed gentry, however much they may aid the exertions of their tenantry, shall belong to them. Composed of a class of men of similar pursuits, education, and ability, farmers' clubs are remarkable for an easy and agreeable sociality, free alike from the envy and the scarcely less mischievous veneration which beset a body composed of unequal classes. The institution of farmers' clubs is not exactly a new thing in Britain, for one has been in existence at Hawick in Roxburghshire for upwards of half a century, and we have heard of one or two more in other parts of Scotland. They are, however, new in England, and have spread chiefly in the last and present year; much of the credit of their origin being due, we believe, to Mr Shaw, the present active and intelligent editor of the *Mark Lane Express* and *Farmer's Magazine*. The leading object of these associations of farmers, is the diffusing of practical information on subjects in which all are professionally interested. The club meets once a-month, on an appointed evening, near the full moon; drinking or smoking, we believe, is not generally allowed; but simple refreshments, such as tea or coffee, may be introduced. A chairman is appointed to preserve order, and lead the conversation or discussion to topics calling for notice. A secretary keeps a journal of transactions and of papers read, and an abstract is periodically furnished for publication in the Farmer's Magazine, whereby the various societies throughout the kingdom obtain some idea of what the others have been engaged upon.

Looking over the first report of the Beccles Farmers' Club, we find, for example, the following topics agitated:—The most economic and best mode of cutting wheat; the most effectual means of destroying the "black caterpillar;" subsoil ploughing; the best steeps for grain; the best manner of keeping cart-horses, resumed from the November meeting. "The member who introduced the last question, stated it to be one of considerable difficulty, upon which it was not easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. After a few preliminary observations, the method of feeding horses with *cut chaff* was discussed and strongly recommended. As economy appeared the great desideratum, it was considered that a small portion of straw might be mixed with the hay for cutting, and that during the winter months bean-stalks might be given. Under these circumstances, however, an increased quantity of corn would be necessary. Some members stated that, when the allowance of hay or clover was stinted, it would be found desirable to grind the corn, by which means the chaff would be better consumed than when the corn was given whole. After a somewhat lengthened debate, the following was agreed to:—Resolved, that it is the opinion of this meeting, that the most approved method of keeping cart-horses is to allow them each twelve stones of hay per week, and one bushel of oats, or an equivalent of bear-meal and pollard, as winter keep; a small quantity of straw cut into chaff is considered advantageous in point of economy. Through the summer it is desirable to feed them upon tares or other green meat in yards, in preference to turning them out on the pastures. And also that yards, with hovels for feeding and lodging, are preferable to confinement in the stable, either winter or summer."

This short extract will afford a tolerably correct notion of the subjects and mode of discussion at these farmers' clubs. In fact, each speaker narrates his own experience for the benefit of his neighbours; and the territorial holding of each farmer may be described as a species of experimental farm, upon which new methods of culture may be practised. It is quite pleasing to learn that a taste for rational and scientific discussion has reached the farming class in England. That class, it is notorious, both from habits of thought and circumstances, has fallen behind the more active order of mechanics and traders. The clubs we speak of will, doubtless, help powerfully to quicken the intellect, and enrich, in a pecuniary sense, the very numerous body of cultivators. It may be stated, as a general truth in statistics, that each county in England could, with better skill, be made to yield produce to the value of one million of pounds sterling per annum above what is at present taken off the ground

as crop. The scope for improvement, therefore, being immense, why not hasten to take advantage of it!

In an essay on the subject of these clubs, in the Farmer's Magazine for December 1839, the following observations occur:—"If, then, the farmers of England wish to extend their knowledge, and to improve their cultivation, through the discoveries of science, let them establish societies like the mechanics' institutions, at which they can discuss the merits of new discoveries, or the improvements in the practice of old, and profit by the experience of those who have had greater opportunities of devoting their time and attention to the science of agriculture. * * It has been impossible for persons engaged in agriculture to procure any books treating on that science but at a heavy outlay of money, purchasing them at their sole expense;" but by means of farmers' clubs, a library of the best works and periodicals in this department of literature will become readily available. The amount of subscription for support of the library and institution is trifling. "The experience of the Harleston Club proves, that five shillings per annum from each member, with no forfeits for non-attendance at the meetings, is amply sufficient to secure all the advantages contemplated."

Referring to the number of the Farmer's Magazine above quoted, for much useful information respecting the mode of instituting and conducting Farmers' Clubs, we close our remarks with explicitly recommending agriculturists in all parts of the United Kingdom to follow the excellent example now brought under their notice.

GURNEY'S VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.

Joseph John Gurney, a respectable member of the Society of Friends, and, as it seems, a preacher or missionary, having returned lately after a three years' absence in various parts of North America and the West Indies, has written and published an account of his journey, in the form of a series of letters to Henry Clay, Esq., of Kentucky.* Mr Gurney's object in performing this tour, was to observe the condition of the emancipated negroes in our colonies; and his reason for addressing his collected information to Mr Clay, will be comprehended from the following passage:—"On our return from the West Indies to the United States, my companions and myself spent ten days in the city of Washington, while Congress was in session. We found no difficulty in obtaining private interviews with the President, the secretaries of the different departments of government, and many of the most influential members of Congress of both parties. To these gentlemen we related the principal particulars of our West Indian tour, and stated the evidence with which we had been furnished, of the beneficial working of freedom among the negroes of the West Indies, in a pecuniary, civil, and moral point of view. Our narration was listened to with great attention, and by no individual more so than by Henry Clay of Kentucky. Notwithstanding the conspicuous part which that statesman has of late years taken in defence of the slavery of the United States, we had abundant proof that his mind is not steeled against a lively feeling of interest in the cause of emancipation; and we have a strong hope that the practical views developed in the present volume will ere long be embraced by him, in reference to the slave states of North America. In the mean time, as it was my object to convince the more reasonable of the pro-slavery party, I believed it best to address my letters to a gentleman who is generally regarded as belonging to that class. In making this selection, I had of course no reference to the side which he is known to take in the politics of the United States. It was my wish to interest persons of all political parties in America, in the same great cause of sound policy, justice, and humanity."

It can hardly fail to appear as somewhat Quixotic in an English Quaker to attempt to change the current of sentiment in the States respecting the legalised sale and slavery of human beings. Nevertheless, as every such attempt helps to disabuse public prejudice, and to increase the number of friends to emancipation, we have to thank Mr Gurney for his enlightened efforts, and trust to their swelling the tide of freedom. We are very glad to observe, that this conscientious describer of things as they are, fully corroborates the statements we lately had an opportunity of presenting from official documents, respecting the condition of the West Indian peasantry. We promise the reader some very delightful extracts on this highly important subject.

In company with Mahlon Day, and a young friend, who undertook to act as attendant and helper, Mr Gurney sailed from New York on the 22d November 1839, in the Camilla, with the design of proceeding, in the first instance, to Santa Cruz, a West Indian island belonging to Denmark, and in which slavery still exists. The sail into the tropical seas was exceedingly pleasant, after leaving a cold northern clime; and after a prosperous voyage of two weeks, the party landed at Fredericksted, or West End in Santa Cruz. Having made a tour to various parts of this very beautiful and productive island, which at the time was covered with the most luxuriant and splendid plants, the author is able to say something of the appearance and general condition of things. He mentions, that slavery in the Danish West Indies is much modified of late years, but still hangs as a dead weight on the energies of society. "I understand (he observes) that the slaves form about four-fifths of the population, and are in number about 19,000. Time was when the treatment to which they were exposed was harsh and severe, and then their numbers were constantly declining. Of late years, however, the Danish government has instituted various restrictions which have ameliorated the condition of the slaves. They are not allowed, as I understand, to be worked longer in the day than from six o'clock in the morning to the same hour in the evening, with intervals (not always long enough) for breakfast and dinner. Legal provisions are made respecting food and clothing. The driver in the field is not permitted to carry any more terrible instrument than a tamarind switch of moderate size; and twelve lashes with the rope, and a short period of solitary confinement (mostly, I believe, in a light room), are the extent of punishment which even the manager or master is permitted to inflict. This rope, however, is a dangerous instrument of torture; and I am told that the reduction of the allowed number of lashes, from thirty to twelve, is no matter of law, but the simple result of the imperative benevolence of the governor-general, Von Scholten. Any negro has a right to buy his own freedom; and, in case of need, the price is settled by a public appraiser. The consequence of these benevolent provisions is, that the condition of the slaves is improved, and their number is now kept up, with a very small increase." Nevertheless, the degradation caused by slavery in these islands, "the low physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the slaves, as compared with that of the liberated negroes of the British islands, is obvious and unquestionable. The worst feature of the system is the 'Sunday market,' as it is called. The slaves are allowed no one of the working days of the week for their own business. The consequence is, that multitudes of them throng from the country (often from a great distance) into the towns of Bassin and West End, on the first day of the week, with their provisions and fruits for sale. The rum shops are hard by the market places. The buyers, of course, misuse the day as well as the sellers; and the scene is one not only of busy traffic, but of noisy merriment, idleness, and dissipation.

It was very satisfactory to us to learn from our friend Captain Van Scholten, the brother of the governor-general (then in Denmark), that a commission had been appointed at Copenhagen, to inquire into the state of these colonies, with a view to emancipation. In the mean time, seven large buildings have been erected in different parts of the island, to serve as chapels and schools, for the religious and literary instruction of the negro population. They are not yet in use; but several of the planters are making laudable exertions for the education of their slaves in reading, and in a knowledge of the Scriptures. A coloured person of the name of Macfarlane, in every way adapted for the office, is employed for the purpose; this school circulates, with excellent effect, from one estate to another. Having been taught their moral and religious obligations, the negroes on these estates are already greatly improved, and are much more useful to their masters than in the days of their ignorance.

The schools held on the first day of the week, under the care of the members of the Episcopal church, at Bassin and West End, are attended by several hundreds of black, mulatto, and white children. Some of the planters and their wives are united with coloured persons and others, as instructors in these schools; and the blessed work is carried on, both among the teachers and the taught, without prejudice of caste or distinction of colour."

Mr Gurney adds the following piece of information, which suggests a valuable hint:—"We were glad to be informed of the existence of an institution in the Danish West Indian islands (derived of course from the parent state), which operates most beneficially in promoting the peace of the inhabitants. It is the Court of Reconciliation, in which all disputes and questions of civil right must be submitted to arbitration, before they can become the subjects of suits at law. In this court of amicable adjustment, such matters are almost universally settled. The consequence is, that the legal profession in Santa Cruz is nearly a sinecure, and can scarcely be said to exist at all. Such a provision would be invaluable in the British West Indies, where proceedings at law are a perpetual source of irritation and vexation." The writer might have added, that such an institution might, with equal propriety, be established in Britain, where the protracted and expensive process of litigation is a disgrace to the country.

Mr Gurney next sailed to St Thomas, another Danish island, where slavery happens to be on a much worse footing, and where he could not hear any favourable accounts of the black and coloured population. "There are but few married couples among them—loose and low habits appear to be general. No one can aver that slavery in St Thomas is attended by any one advantage, temporal, civil, moral, or spiritual." But worse than this can be said against the island. "The Spanish and Portuguese slave vessels frequently come to this port to be fitted up for their nefarious adventures on the coast of Africa; here they have free ingress and egress, without the smallest interruption from the Danish men-of-war on the station; and, on some occasions, they have actually received their supplies of gunpowder from the fort itself." Friend Joseph asks why these things are permitted in the face of British treaties, which is a question much easier asked than answered. Great Britain cannot act as police-officer to the whole earth.

Leaving this poor specimen of the Danish possessions, the author and his companions proceeded, on the last day of December, to Tortola, a British island, which presented quite another aspect. It is worth while to hear what were the writer's impressions in landing upon and perambulating this small insular territory. "We could not but feel an intense interest in making our first visit to a British island, peopled with emancipated negroes. Out of a population of nearly five thousand, there are scarcely more than two hundred white persons; but we heard of no inconveniences arising from this disparity. We had letters to Dr Dyett, the stipendiary magistrate, and to some of the principal planters, who greeted us with a warm welcome, and soon relieved us from our very natural anxiety, by assuring us that freedom was working well in Tortola. One of our first visits was to a school for black children, under the care of Alexander Bott, the pious minister of the parish church. It was in good order—the children answered our questions well. We then proceeded to the jail, in which, if my memory serves me right, we found only one prisoner—with the jailor and the judge! Our kind friend, Francis Spencer Wigley, Chief-Justice of the British Virgin Islands, happened to be there, and cheered us with the information that crime had vastly decreased since the period of full emancipation. I looked over the list of commitments to the jail, which, for the most part, are summary for petty offences, and observed that, in the last six months of 1837, the number committed was 186, and in the last six months of 1839, only 75; making a difference of 111 in favour of freedom. With regard to heavier offences, the three preceding courts of session (embracing a period of nine months) were occasions of perfect leisure—not a single criminal indictment at any of them.

In the afternoon, we presented one of our letters to William R. Isaacs, a most respectable old gentleman, who was once president of the island. He was confined to his bed with a sprained ankle, and kindly allowed me the use of his excellent riding-horse during our stay at Roadstown. He is himself a considerable proprietor, and was then acting as attorney to Reid, Irving, and Co. of London, owners, by mortgage tenure, of a large part of the island. In these two capacities, our elderly friend had *fifteen hundred* free negroes under his care; and since all his habits had long been associated with the old system, we could not but regard his testimony as of peculiar value. He speedily informed us, of his own accord, that his labourers were working well. 'I have,' said he, 'no complaint to make.' The fact that so large a proportion of the island had passed out of the hands of the proprietors, into those of the merchant and money-lender, was a conclusive evidence against slavery. With this evidence we could now contrast the happy testimony of our friend in favour of freedom.

The next morning we mounted our horses at an early hour, and, in company with Dr Dyett and R. V. Shew, an influential planter, visited President Isaacs' principal property. I observed a large company of negroes, male and female, at work on the brow of a lofty hill. I rode up to them, in company with the overseer, and found them heartily at work. They were engaged in the laborious occupation of holing—that is, digging holes with the hoe, for the reception of the canes—and protecting each hole (as was necessary on that steep declivity) with a firm embankment. Those who best understood the subject, freely acknowledged that their work was excellent. We afterwards witnessed similar scenes, and received accounts equally satisfactory, on the sugar plantations belonging to R. V. Shew and Judge Wigley. The wages of these labourers are small, only sixpence sterling per day, with a trifling increase during crop time; but I was assured that the privileges which they enjoy, of a cottage, with good provision-grounds, rent free, and plenty of pasture for their stock, at least double the amount of their wages. The present condition of the planters in Tortola is not very favourable, from long-continued droughts, and a consequent short crop; but I hope that more prosperous seasons will soon lead to an increase of wages. This is obviously the best method of preventing the migration of the peasantry to Trinidad, to which colony many of them have been lured by emissaries sent out for the purpose—under the hope of larger returns for their labour. In the mean time, I am quite willing to acknowledge, that the labourers of Tortola appeared to us to be in a condition of considerable ease and comfort.

Among the vegetables which they cultivate in their provision-grounds, we observed the *pigeon pea*, a shrub which grows here in great quantities, and produces a nutritious pea for the table; also the *cassava*. It has been remarked, that a piece of ground cultivated with this root will produce more food for man than under any other cultivation whatever. It is a singular circumstance that its juice is a deadly poison; but after this has been pressed out, the farinaceous substance which remains is made into an excellent thin bread, like the Scotch oat-cake in appearance, but more agreeable to the palate.

* A Winter in the West Indies, by Joseph John Gurney. Murray: London.

After regaling ourselves with a plentiful breakfast at Judge Wigley's pleasant residence on the top of a lofty hill, we pursued our course through scenery of uncommon beauty—in parts almost of a Swiss character. There are no roads on this island for carriages—only rocky and precipitous mountain paths, for journeys on horseback or foot. The wild flowers are still more beautiful here than in Santa Cruz. The great aloe, called the century plant, abounds, and has a very picturesque appearance; and there are many prodigious plants of the cactus tribe. Pink, purple, red, and yellow convolvuluses, are seen creeping about in all directions; and the splendid 'pride of Barbadoes' is common. The white jasmine occurs in the hedges; and a small tree, called the *panchapan*, bears profuse bunches of large white flowers, of fragrant jasmine odour. The brown pelicans float about the coast in great numbers; and we were told that the neighbouring low island of Anegada is frequented by the flamingo. At the distance of many hundred yards, when on the brow of a lofty hill, we distinctly saw a shark playing among the waves—an evidence of the remarkable clearness both of the air and water. Many of the hills are covered with luxuriant 'guinea grass,' and afford excellent pasture for cattle, sheep, and goats. A large proportion of these animals belong to the negroes. The cows are sleek and beautiful, and the milk excellent.

Another day was spent in a boat excursion to the western extremity of the island, in order to visit some of the estates under the care of our friend Isaac Thomas, another of the principal attorneys. In the course of our voyage, the sailors caught some fish, so curiously striped and spotted as to receive the name of 'lizard' fish; and, on landing, we observed the shore strewn with handsome specimens of the echinus, or sea egg. We found the sugar plantations, under the care of our friend, in fair order. He employs two hundred and fifty free negroes, and assured us that 'he had not the slightest complaint to make respecting them.' On the examination of the accounts of two of the properties, it appeared that he was decidedly saving money by the substitution of free labour, on moderate wages, for the dead weight of slavery."

At the different places at which he touched, Mr Gurney took occasion to exercise his religious vocation, though, with becoming modesty and good taste, he says comparatively little on that point. At Tortola, he observes that "freedom is working well as a handmaid to religion." At one time, the island was the seat of a little Society of Friends; there are no members in the present day, but it is interesting to know that the moral worth of these good people has left a happy influence on a small community of negroes, who are settled as tenants in common on an estate once belonging to Samuel and Mary Nottingham, Quakers of high character. "About sixty years ago they liberated their slaves, from conscientious motives, and gave them their estate at Longlook, on the eastern coast. A letter of Christian advice, addressed to their predecessors by these pious persons, then living at Bristol, is still cherished by the negroes on the property, about sixty in number, and held as a sort of title-deed to the estate. We had great pleasure in visiting them. Their land is on the brow of a mountain, and a considerable part of it is well cultivated with yams and other vegetables. We held a religious meeting with them in the largest of their cottages, and were entirely satisfied with their respectable appearance and orderly behaviour.

In the afternoon we crossed the water, on a visit to the African settlement at Kingstown Bay. It consists of several hundred Africans, taken out of captured slave ships, and located on a tract of land allotted them by order of the British government. We had heard reports of their poverty and idleness; but these were belied by their decent and respectable appearance. A church is now in course of building for their use, under the orders of the Bishop of Barbadoes; and a school has been already formed for the education of their children. About three hundred of them assembled, under the shade of a large tamarind tree, and it has seldom fallen to my lot to address a more feeling, or apparently more intelligent, congregation. One thing is clear and unquestionable—that the African mind is abundantly susceptible of instruction in the great doctrines and principles of the Christian religion."

From this island Mr Gurney proceeded to St Christopher's, with the social condition of which he expresses a like satisfaction. On the morning after his arrival, "I mounted," says he, "one of the governor's horses, and enjoyed a solitary ride into the country. Although it was the seventh day of the week, usually applied by the emancipated labourers to their private purposes, I observed many of them diligently at work on the cane grounds, cutting the canes for the mill. Their aspect was that of physical vigour and cheerful contentment; and all my questions, as I passed along, were answered satisfactorily. On my way, I ventured to call at one of the estates, and found it was the home of Robert Claxton, the solicitor-general of the colony, a gentleman of intelligence and respectability. He was kind enough to impart a variety of useful, and, in general, cheering information. One fact mentioned by him is highly encouraging. Speaking of a small property on the island belonging to himself, he said, 'Six years ago (that is, shortly before the act of emancipation), it was worth only L.2000, with the slaves upon it. Now, without a single slave, it is worth three times the money. I would not sell it for L.6000.' This remarkable rise in the value of property, is by no means confined to particular estates. I was assured that, as compared with those times of depression and alarm which preceded the act of emancipation, it is at once general and very considerable. I asked the President Crook, and some other persons, whether there was a single individual on the island who wished for the restoration of slavery. Answer, 'Certainly not one.'

As to the staple article of sugar, we found the island in a condition of prosperity. It was supposed that the crop on the ground, which to us appeared heavy and luxuriant, would produce at least the usual average of 7000 hogsheads; and no difficulty whatever was apprehended in realising it. We accompanied our friend Burt to Ottley's—a well-managed sugar estate, belonging to himself and Judge Wigley of Tortola—where we again examined the process of sugar-making, and again saw the negroes diligently at work, on the day which they usually reserve for their own business.

The day's wages, in this island, are from 7d. to 9d. sterling per day, besides the usual privileges; but the negroes have no difficulty in earning from 2s. to 3s. sterling per day by job work. Under this system, particularly, they perform a far greater quantity of work in a given time than could be obtained from them under slavery. When we called on our excellent friend R. Cleghorn, a faithful and intelligent stipendiary magistrate, he summed up his favourable report of the labourers of St Christopher's by the following emphatic remark—'They will do *an infinity of work for wages*.'

This state of things is accompanied by a vast increase in their own comforts. Our friend Cadman, the Methodist minister, was on this station, during slavery, in the year 1826. He has now returned to it under freedom. 'The change for the better,' he observed, 'in the dress, demeanour, and welfare of the people, is *prodigious*.' The imports are vastly increased. The duties on them were L.1000 more in 1838 than in 1837; and in 1839 double those of 1838 within L.150. This surprising increase is owing to the demand on the part of the free labourers for imported goods, especially for articles of dress. The difficulty experienced by the gentry living in the town, in procuring fowls, eggs, &c., from the negroes, is considerably increased. The reason is well known—the labourers make use of them for home consumption. Marriage is now become frequent amongst them, and a profusion of eggs is expended on their wedding cakes! Doubtless, they will soon learn to exchange these freaks of luxury for the gradual acquisition of wealth.

We had much pleasure in calling at the Moravian establishment at Cayon, under the care of Brother Münzer. It seemed to be admirably conducted: he has three hundred children in his school. Another of their establishments at Basse-terre is equally prosperous. We visited the school there, and examined the children. Their answers to our questions were lively and correct. Crime and petty offences are greatly diminished since the date of full freedom. Education in useful knowledge and religious instruction are rapidly advancing. There are nine churches on the island under the Establishment; six Methodist chapels, and three Moravian institutions. The Moravians have 3000 members by birth and otherwise; the Methodists 2899 in church communion, besides attenders. These numbers include a vast proportion of the population, which is calculated at 20,000."

This must conclude our extracts from Mr Gurney's work for the present.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN GEORGE III. AND JOSEPH LANCASTER.

On entering the royal presence, the king said, "Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which, I hear, has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His majesty replied, "Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed that, in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as monitors. The king assented, and said, "Good." Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me that the royal party paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and when he had finished, his majesty said, "Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object." "Please thy majesty," said Lancaster, "if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country, and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them." His majesty immediately replied, "Lancaster, I will subscribe L.100 annually;" and addressing the queen, "you shall subscribe L.50. Charlotte and the princesses L.25 each;" and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed, "Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his majesty, "How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work!" To which the king replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew. It may here be stated, that every succeeding monarch of England, including her present majesty, has followed George III.'s example.—*Croston's Sketch of Joseph Lancaster's Life.*

HAL PIERSON'S HALF-CROWN.

Hal Pierson was an idiot, or *innocent*, as weak persons are called in Yorkshire, who was benevolently reared and protected by the family of Sir George Armitage, some eighty or more years ago. Hal, though weak of intellect, was extremely shrewd, and even witty at times. He loved money, as *all* fools and *some* wise men do. A casual visiter to the family had given him half-a-crown. Hal was delighted; but he had heard in the servants' hall that money makes money, and a vague wish arose in his mind to multiply, if possible, the coin of which he had become possessed. There was a young carpenter, named Robby, who worked by the year in the family, and who, hearing Hal inquire how he might increase his treasure, told him to put it into a hole in the wall, which Hal immediately did. It is to be premised, that this poor innocent knew not the comparative value of silver and copper. Robby, taking advantage of his ignorance, and eager to play a trick upon him, changed the coin for a few coppers, with which Hal was at first much pleased; but, by and bye, one of the under-servants explained the matter, and Hal vowed vengeance against the carpenter. Whether he executed it or not, the reader will presently see.

Hal was always ready to do errands, and *sometimes* did them well. At all events he was no niggard of his time or trouble, when he liked his employer. His will was good, but his power weak. At one time a young lady, Miss Jenny Ayrton, being on a visit at Sir George Armitage's, to her great vexation discovered that she had forgotten a rich pair of ruffles and lappets. Every body was busy; much company was expected, and a splendid toilet necessary. Poor Miss Jenny, in all the sorrows of beauty and eighteen, addressed herself in vain to the servants for a trusty messenger to dispatch four miles for these important articles. Not one could be spared, until a good-natured little dairy-maid, a simple cowslip of the north, suggested an application to Hal Pierson. He could take a message; was very fond of Miss Jenny; it was a fine day, and only four miles. But Hal had a dislike to carrying a note or letter, ever since a celebrated humourist, in the practical joke line, had given him a note, desiring the bearer might be rewarded for his pains with a tumbler of hot salt and water. No—Hal would have nothing to say to a note; but undertook cheerfully to go and fetch the ruffles and lappets. It was explained to him by Cowslip what they were, and he sapiently replied, "I naw Jenny Ayrton wants her handy-cuffs and pinniers." He repeated this several times to imprint it on his memory. Cowslip thought it would be all right, and Hal started. The whole way, as he went, he repeated aloud to himself, "I'se come for Jenny Ayrton's handy-cuffs and pinniers." As his habit was never to walk but to dance along, clapping his hands as he went, this formed the burden of the song, which helped him on the way. Arrived at the house, he repeated his lesson; but no one knew what he meant, and, to his evident distress, he had to go back without his errand. On his return, he explained that they would not give him any "handy-cuffs or pinniers." Miss Ayrton then tried again to make him understand by showing him her every-day ruffles; but said that, being in the country, and company expected, she wished her best to be sent. He then willingly undertook to return, though he had already walked or danced eight miles in her service. This time he tried hard, and said "ruffles and lappets" all the way; but he chanced to get a fall, which completed the before muddled state of his brains, and when he rose, he had only a vague recollection of cuffs, and that they should be smarter than usual in the country. So he arrived at Miss Ayrton's house, shouting out, "Ruff cuffs and country cuffs." More puzzled than ever, the servants stood in dismay, until, out of breath and patience with his now twelve miles' walk, Hal insisted upon having various articles of the female wardrobe exhibited to him, when, his desire being complied with, he quickly pounced upon the commodity wanted. Having been allowed to take a pair of ruffles and lappets of rich point-lace, which he triumphantly attached to his walking staff, he set out, puffing and blowing, upon his second return to Sir George Armitage's, where he presented himself to the anxiously expecting young lady, just in time to decorate her fair person with the result of his sixteen miles' labour. But he had his reward, for Miss Ayrton smiled, and her smile was at that period of her life witchcraft itself, even to such a being as Hal Pierson.

Hal wore Sir George Armitage's livery when he chose, for he never was constrained by his kind benefactor, whose motive for keeping him in his household was pure benevolence. Sauntering, as was his custom, one day by the river side, he saw a young gallant riding on the other bank. Hal owed him a grudge for having once given him a pinch of very strong snuff. The young man had no remembrance of the joke or the person of the fool; and he asked him if the river was fordable there. Hal replied, "Yes." "Are you sure? Have you seen any one pass it to-day?" "Troth and I have—a muist respectable family, father, mother, and young ones," replied Hal; "they came over right

merrily this morn's morning." Upon this assurance, the young man put his horse to the stream, and though the animal, with instinctive sagacity, hesitated, whip and spur soon compelled him to go in. It was wonderful that both were not drowned. After a hard struggle, horse and rider gained the bank, which Hal no sooner observed than he ran off, to avoid a resentment expressed by menaces both loud and deep. The cavalier made the best of his way to the great house, to prefer his complaint against one bearing the Armitage livery having endangered his life. All the servants were summoned. He could not identify the mischievous one, until somebody suggested the possibility of its being Hal Pierson. Hal was sought for, and brought into presence; but all he could be got to say in answer to his master's queries and reproaches, was that he had seen a very respectable family pass that morning, the grey drake, his duck, and ducklings, and therefore he guessed a goose might do the same. Here was the pinch of snuff revenged.

Hal had hitherto never done any thing very dangerous; but Robby was now to reap his reward for the dishonest tricks played with poor Hal's half-crown, as well as for a long course of minor teasings and annoyances. For some time Hal had contented himself with hiding the young carpenter's tools, or telling tales of him to his sweetheart, the pretty young housemaid; but Robby at last provoked him beyond what was safe with a being of his order. Watching his opportunity one day, when, as usual after dinner, he took a short nap in the workshop, Hal entered unperceived, and accomplished his purpose. He then returned to the servant's hall. By his exulting looks, the servants concluded he had been in mischief, but thought no more about the matter. Supper time came, and as Robby was a merry fellow, and the life of the party, his absence was remarked. At length Hal observed, "I've played him a bonny trick this time." "Why, what have you done now?" cried the others, crowding round him; "what have you hid now?" "Oh, I've hid his head under the shavings, and when he wakes, he'll be troubled to find it." Misgivings arose from this declaration, and they went in a body to the workshop to see what he had really done, when, horrible to relate, it was found that the idiot had cut off the unfortunate young man's head while he slept, and hid it under the shavings. Hal, who had accompanied them, seemed quite astonished to find Robby dead. He tried to put on the head again, and, on finding that the effort was of no use, burst into tears. His delinquency of course subjected him to a trial, which took place at York, when, his imbecility being clearly proved, instead of committing him for the remainder of his life to a prison, the judges gave him over to the care of his humane protector, Sir George Armitage, in whose family he remained well watched; but his spirits never afterwards rallied. He was often found sitting by the side of a brook, mingling his tears with the stream. He never spoke a word respecting the melancholy event; but no power could induce him to approach the workshop, or take in his hand any edged tool. He pined, and his weak intellect becoming more and more feeble, his health suffered, and he died a premature old man, grey-headed under thirty years of age. The remembrance of Hal Pierson's half-crown survived him, and has become a by-word to express any futile and wild scheme for increasing money. Miss Jane Ayrton lived to nearly eighty years of age, and, near the end of her days, communicated these anecdotes to a descendant, the individual who now gives them to the world.

WOUNDING THE BODY AS A RELIGIOUS EXERCISE.

[From "Observations on the Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind, by Amariah Brigham, M.D." Boston: 1835.]

Wounding or cutting the body has been often resorted to as a religious exercise. This was the custom of the prophets of Baal; as we read—1st Kings, xviii. 28—"They cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." It is probable that something like this was practised by the Hebrews, as in Leviticus, xix. 28, it is written—"Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

Plutarch, in his book "De Superstitione," tells us that the priests of Bellona, when they sacrificed to that goddess, were wont to besmear the victim with their own blood. The Persian magi, according to Herodotus, used to appease tempests and allay the winds by making incisions in their flesh. Strabo alludes to the practice of the Etruscan priests tearing their own flesh, and cutting themselves in different parts of the body, and of walking on fire.

Under this head, also, I should place the practices of the Hindoos, and particularly those in honour of Shivu, the destroyer. These are, falling on iron spikes, piercing the tongue and the sides, swinging by hooks fastened into their flesh, &c. The following picture, from Ward, will suffice.

"This god (Shiva) is represented in various ways; sometimes as a silver-coloured man, with five faces; sometimes with three eyes and one face. Another image of this deity is the linga, which is nothing more than a smooth black stone, in the form of a sugar-loaf. This is often made of clay, for extemporaneous use.

An abominable festival in honour of this god is celebrated, when many Hindoos, assuming the name of *sunyasees*, inflict on themselves the greatest cruelties. On the first day of the festival, these sunyasees cast themselves from a bamboo stage, with three resting-places, the highest about twenty feet from the ground; from this height these persons cast themselves on iron spikes, stuck in bags of straw. These spikes are laid in a reclining posture, and when the person falls, they almost constantly fall down, instead of entering his body. There are instances, however, of persons being killed, and others wounded, but they are very rare. A few years ago, a person at Kideerpoorn, near Calcutta, cast himself on a knife used in cleaning fish, which entered his side and caused his death. He threw himself from the stage twice on the same day; the second time (which was fatal) to gratify a woman with whom he lived. In some villages, several of these stages are erected, and as many as two or three hundred people cast themselves on these spikes, in one day, in the presence of great crowds of spectators. The worshippers of Shivu make a great boast of the power of their god, in preserving his followers in circumstances of such danger.

In the year 1806, I went to Kaleeghatu, in company with two or three friends, to witness these practices; at which place we arrived about five o'clock in the morning. We overtook numerous companies who were proceeding thither, having with them drums and other instruments of music; also spits, canes, and different articles to pierce their tongues and sides. Some, with tinkling rings on their ankles, were dancing and exhibiting indecent gestures, as they passed along, while others rent the air with the sounds of their filthy songs. As we entered the village where the temple of this great goddess is situated, the crowds were so great that we could with difficulty get our vehicles along, and at last were completely blocked up. We then alighted and went amongst the crowd. But who can describe a scene like this! Here, men of all ages, who intended to have their tongues pierced or their sides bored, were buying garlands of flowers to hang around their necks, or to tie round their heads—there, others were carrying offerings to the goddess; above the heads of the crowd were seen nothing but the feathers belonging to the great drums, and the instruments of torture which each victim was carrying in his hand. These wretched slaves of superstition were distinguished from others by the quantity of oil rubbed on their bodies, and by streaks and dots of mud all over them. Some of the chief men belonging to each company were covered with ashes, or dressed in a most fantastic manner, like the fool among mountebanks. For the sake of low sport, some were dressed as English women, and others had on a hat, to excite the crowd to laugh at Europeans. As soon as we could force our way, we proceeded to the temple of Kalee, where the crowd, inflamed to madness, almost trampled upon one another, to obtain a sight of the idol. We went up to the doorway, when a brahmin, who was one of the owners of the idol, addressed one of my companions in broken English:—'Money—money—for black mother!' My friend, not much liking the looks of his black mother, declared he should give her nothing. From this spot we went into the temple yard, where two or three blacksmiths had begun the work of piercing the tongues and boring the sides of these infatuated disciples of Shivu. The first man seemed reluctant to hold out his tongue, but the blacksmith, rubbing it with something like flour, and having a piece of cloth betwixt his fingers, laid firm hold, dragged it out, and placing his lancet under it in the middle, pierced it through and let the fellow go. The next person whose tongue we saw cut, directed the blacksmith to cut it on the contrary side, as it had been already cut twice. This man seemed to go through the business of having his tongue slit with perfect *sang froid*. The company of natives were entirely unmoved, and the blacksmith, pocketing the trifling fee given by each for whom he did this favour, laughed at the sport. I could not help asking whether they were not punishing these men for lying. After seeing the operation performed on one or two more, we went to another group, where they were boring the sides. The first we saw undergoing this operation was a boy, who might be twelve or thirteen years old, and who had been brought thither by his elder brother to submit to this cruelty. A thread rubbed with clarified butter was drawn through the skin on each side, with a kind of lancet having an eye like a needle. He did not flinch, but hung by his hands over the shoulders of his brother. I asked a man who had just had his sides bored, why he did this? He said he had made a vow to Kalee at a time of dangerous illness, and was now performing this vow. A bystander added, it was an act of holiness or merit. Passing from this group, we saw a man dancing backwards and forwards, with two canes run through his sides, as thick as a man's little finger. In returning to Calcutta, we saw many with things of different thicknesses thrust through their sides and tongues, and several with the pointed handles of shovels, containing fire, sticking in their sides. Into this fire, every now and then, they threw Indian pitch, which for the moment blazed very high. I saw one man whose singular mode of self-torture struck me much. His breast, arms, and other parts of his body, were entirely covered with pins, as thick as nails or packing needles. This is called *vanu-phora* (piercing with arrows). The person had made a vow to Shivu thus to pierce his body, praying the god to remove some evil from him.

On the following day, in the afternoon, the ceremony called *Churuku*, or the swinging by hooks fastened in the back, is performed. The posts are erected in some open place in the town or suburbs. They are generally fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cubits high. In some places a kind of worship is paid at the foot of the tree of Shivu, when two pigeons are let loose, or slain. In other parts, that is, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, the worship of Shivu is performed at his temple, after which the crowd proceed to the swinging posts, and commence the horrid work of torture. The man who is to swing prostrates himself before the tree, and a person, with his dusty fingers, makes a mark where the hooks are to be put. Another person immediately gives him a smart slap on the back, and pinches up the skin hard with his thumb and fingers, while another thrusts the hook through, taking hold of about an inch of the skin. The other hook is then in like manner put through the skin of the other side of the neck, and the man gets up on his feet. As he is rising, some water is thrown in his face. He then mounts on a man's back, or is elevated in some other way, and the strings which are attached to the hooks in his back are tied to the rope at one end of the horizontal bamboo, and the rope at the other end is held by several men, who drawing it down, raise up the end on which the man swings, and by their running round with the rope, the machine is turned. In swinging, the man describes a circle of about thirty feet diameter. Some swing only a few minutes, others half an hour or more. I have heard of men who continued swinging for hours. In the southern parts of Bengal, a piece of cloth is wrapped round the body underneath the hooks, lest the flesh should tear and the wretch fall and be dashed to pieces, but the whole weight of the body rests on the hooks. Some of these persons take the wooden pipe, and smoke while swinging, as though insensible of the least pain. Others take up fruit in their hands, and either eat it or throw it among the crowd. I have heard of a person having a monkey's collar run through his flank, in which state the man and the monkey whirled round together. On one occasion, in the north of Bengal, a man took a large piece of wood in his mouth, and swung for a considerable time without any cloth round his body to preserve him, should the flesh of his back tear. On some occasions, these sunyasees have hooks run through their thighs as well as backs. About the year 1800, five women swung in this manner, with hooks through their backs and thighs, at Kidurpooru, near Calcutta. It is not very uncommon for the flesh to tear, and the person to fall; instances are related of such persons perishing on the spot. A few years ago a man fell from the post at Kidurpooru, while whirling round with great rapidity; and, falling on a poor woman who was selling parched rice, killed her on the spot: the man died the next day. At a village near Bujbuj, some years since, the swing fell and broke a man's leg. The man who was upon it, as soon as he was loosened, ran to another tree, was drawn up, and whirled round again, as though nothing had happened. I have heard of one man's swinging three times in one day on different trees; and a brahmin assured me that he had seen four men swing on one tree, and while swinging, this tree was carried round the field by the crowd."

FASHIONABLE SPORTSMEN.

The Countess of Blessington, in her "Victims of Society," draws the following picture of this class of persons:—

"A young man of fashion, for to such only does my censure apply, thinks that certain expenses are indispensably necessary to his happiness. The cost of a wife, he calculates, must diminish the means of gratifying his personal luxuries; therefore he will not marry until he shall have lost the taste and activity for shooting, hunting, and yachting. Then, however, the funds appropriated to these expensive pursuits may, he thinks, be directed to the support of a matrimonial establishment.

How could a young man of fashion exist without a shooting place in the country, with a train of keepers to preserve his game, and dogs to run it down, whatever may be the cost? A moor in the Highlands of Scotland for grouse-shooting, it would be impossible to forego: and a party to partake its amusements must be assembled. This gratification is obtained at the sacrifice of several hundreds; but the payer has the pleasure of reading in the papers, that he and his guests shot so many hundred brace of birds on certain days, and *he* is satisfied.

Many are they who frequent the Highlands with little or no desire for shooting; but who, having no rational pursuit, are at a loss to know how to employ the two months that intervene between the close of the London season and the opening of the hunting one; consequently, at the mandate of fashion, seek this mode of getting rid of time.

The young man of fashion *must*, therefore, hunt at Melton; and to do so with 'decent dignity,' requires an establishment of grooms and helpers that would astonish Nimrod himself, could he behold them; and the bills for which seldom fail to astonish the purses of their owners.

But it is not the horses and grooms alone that consume thousands at Melton: the *chasseurs* find that French cooks alone can produce such banquets as they require to recruit their exhausted frames, and collect at their tables the 'best society.'

During the interminable evenings, the chase of the day furnishes the inexhaustible topic of conversation, each biped arrogating to himself the merit that belongs solely to his more intelligent quadrupeds. Prolix details of asserted equestrian prowess—each narrator the hero of his own tale—enlivened by episodical histories of their

favourite hunters, past and present, fill up the hours that intervene between dinner and the period of retiring to bed; unless cards or dice are introduced, to diversify this rational mode of whiling away the drowsy hours.

Many of the *chasseurs* at Melton are as little partial to hunting as those who frequent the Highland moors are to grouse-shooting. The truth of this assertion is best proved by the joyous alacrity with which, the moment a frost sets in, they rush up to London, like boys released from school, and plunge into all the amusements and dissipation of the metropolis, until a thaw sends them down again, with lengthened faces and shortened purses, to renew their sport.

How often is the thermometer examined with wistful eyes, and an approach to the freezing-point hailed with pleasure! You will naturally wonder why so heavy an expense as a hunting-establishment is incurred, if they who entail it on themselves like not the amusement. Fashion, ostentation, and the puerile desire of even that species of celebrity which this extravagance can acquire, furnish the inducements; added to the reflection of the utter impossibility of otherwise filling up the winter months."

A GLIMPSE OF EARLY KENTUCKY LIFE.

The following is from a series of papers by Mr Washington Irving, entitled "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," which are now in the course of appearing in *The Knickerbocker*, the well-known American Magazine:—

"Bob Mosely's house was a tolerably large bark shanty, with a clap-board roof; and there were assembled all the young hunters and pretty girls of the country, for many a mile round. The young men were in their best hunting-dresses, but not one could compare with mine; and my raccoon cap, with its flowing tail, was the admiration of every body. The girls were mostly in doe-skin dresses, for there was no spinning and weaving as yet in the woods, nor any need of it. I never saw girls that seemed to me better dressed; and I was somewhat of a judge, having seen fashions at Richmond. We had a hearty dinner, and a merry one; for there were Jemmy Kiel, famous for raccoon hunting, and Bob Tarleton, and Wesley Pigman, and Joe Taylor, and several other prime fellows for a frolic, that made all ring again, and laughed, that you might have heard them a mile.

After dinner, we began dancing, and were hard at it, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a new arrival—the two daughters of old Simon Schultz; two young ladies that affected fashion and late hours. Their arrival had nearly put an end to all our merriment. I must go round about in my story, to explain to you how that happened.

As old Schultz, the father, was one day looking in the cane-brakes for his cattle, he came upon the track of horses. He knew they were none of his, and that none of his neighbours had horses about that place. They must be stray horses, or must belong to some traveller who had lost his way, as the track led nowhere. He accordingly followed it up, until he came to an unlucky pedlar with two or three pack-horses, who had been bewildered among the cattle-tracks, and had wandered for two or three days among woods and cane-brakes, until he was almost famished.

Old Schultz brought him to his house; fed him on venison, bear's meat, and hominy, and at the end of a week put him in prime condition. The pedlar could not sufficiently express his thankfulness; and when about to depart, inquired what he had to pay? Old Schultz stepped back with surprise. 'Stranger,' said he, 'you have been welcome under my roof. I've given you nothing but wild meat and hominy, because I had no better, but have been glad of your company. You are welcome to stay as long as you please; but, by zounds! if any one offers to pay Simon Schultz for food, he affronts him!'

The pedlar admired the hospitality of his host, but could not reconcile it to his conscience to go away without making some recompense. There were honest Simon's two daughters, two strapping, red-haired girls. He opened his packs, and displayed riches before them of which they had no conception; for in those days there were no country stores in those parts, with their artificial finery and trinketry, and this was the first pedlar that had wandered into that part of the wilderness. The girls were for a time completely dazzled, and knew not what to choose; but what caught their eyes most were two looking-glasses, about the size of a dollar, set in gilt tin. They had never seen the like before, having used no other mirror than a pail of water. The pedlar presented them these jewels without the least hesitation; nay, he gallantly hung them round their necks by red ribands almost as fine as the glasses themselves. This done, he took his departure, leaving them as much astonished as two princesses in a fairy tale that have received a magic gift from an enchanter.

It was with these looking-glasses, hung round their necks as lockets by ribands, that old Schultz's daughters made their appearance at three o'clock in the afternoon at the frolic of Bob Mosely's, on the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the Muddy.

By the powers, but it was an event! Such a thing had never before been seen in Kentucky. Bob Tarleton, a strapping fellow, with a head like a chestnut-burr, and a look like a boar in an apple orchard, stepped up, caught hold of the looking-glass of one of the girls, and gazing at it for a moment, cried out, 'Joe Taylor, come here! come here! I'll be darn'd if Patty Schultz aint got a locket that you can see your face in, as clear as in a spring of water!'

In a twinkling all the young hunters gathered round old Schultz's daughters. I, who knew what looking-glasses were, did not budge. Some of the girls who sat near me were excessively mortified at finding themselves thus deserted. I heard Peggy Pugh say to Sally Pigman, 'Goodness knows, it's well Schultz's daughters is got them things round their necks, for it's the first time the young men crowded round them!'

I saw immediately the danger of the case. We were a small community, and could not afford to be split up by feuds. So I stepped up to the girls, and whispered to them, 'Polly,' said I, 'those lockets are powerful fine, and become you amazingly; but you don't consider that the country is not advanced enough in these parts for such things. You and I understand these matters, but these people don't. Fine things like these may do very well in the old settlements, but they won't answer at the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the Muddy. You had better lay them aside for the present, or we shall have no peace.'

Polly and her sister luckily saw their error; they took off the lockets, laid them aside, and harmony was restored; otherwise, I verily believe there would have been an end of our community. Indeed, notwithstanding the great sacrifice they made on this occasion, I do not think old Schultz's daughters were ever much liked afterward among the young women.

This was the first time that looking-glasses were ever seen in the Green River part of Kentucky!"

A LANDLORD'S SPEECH TO HIS TENANTS.

It is not often that after-dinner speeches bear inspection afterwards by unconcerned parties. The following does. It is the substance of what was said by the Earl of Stair (lately Sir John Dalrymple of Oxenford), at a dinner given by him, on the 8th September, to four hundred persons, tenants on the large Galloway estates which have come to him with his peerage. We would hope to escape blame for, contrary to our wont, admitting the reference to politics in the latter part of the speech, a part of it which seems necessary to complete the picture of benevolent liberality which the whole may be said to form. Were all landlords to act on the improving maxims of the Earl of Stair, what a powerful home mission they would form amongst our rural population!

"I rejoice to find myself in the midst of my tenants. The cordial reception I have met with amongst you, and your kindness in coming here this day, both tend to rivet the link that naturally unites us, and equally tend to an increase of that interest which I am disposed to take in you as part of my family, and as my friends. I have said before, and I cannot say it too often, that no separate interest can subsist between landlord and tenant. If you thrive, I thrive. On your well doing will depend my comfort, my honour, and my character, for I shall stand high, or the reverse (and it is right that it should be so), as I act justly or unjustly by you. Entertaining such sentiments, my first duties will consist in an encouragement of moral and religious feeling amongst my tenants, and a gradual improvement of my estates. The most likely way to make them happy and good is to teach them when young to know right from wrong, and that can only be effectually done by education. Whenever, therefore, I can encourage good and moral feeling, you will find me anxious to do so; and, as the best means of effecting it, I will willingly contribute to the improvement or increase of schools to be open to all, so that every child on my estate may be brought to know his God and the duty he owes him. The next object of my solicitude will consist in an encouragement of improved agriculture. The first of all improvements consists in draining and enclosing. My tenants will, therefore, find me willing to assist them in both, in as far as my means will admit of. In the best cultivated districts in Scotland, sheep stock is universally encouraged. I observe in the Stair leases that the tenants are in general precluded from having such stock. I am willing, where it is advisable, to alter such clauses. I have my doubts, too, whether the growth of turnips is sufficiently attended to in this county. In order, therefore, to encourage an improved system of agriculture, and to create a little emulation, I, as President of the Agricultural Society, promised two premiums of L.20 and L.10 for the best managed farms in the Rhinns district. These two prizes apply to the county in general, so you will have your chance for them along with others. But in my private capacity, I feel I may give a few smaller prizes amongst my own tenants, without injury to, or interfering with, the society. I propose, therefore, giving for the best kept fences on a farm, not under 100 acres, thorn or beech being preferred to any other fence, where circumstances allow of them—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. To the tenant who makes the most and the best drains—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. To the tenant who has, in well-cleaned and well-manured turnips, the greatest proportion of his land under tillage, not less than ten acres of turnips, and eating off at least one-half of them with sheep—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. To the neatest and best kept cottage and cottage garden on the estate—L.5. And to the tenant who shows most activity in getting in his harvest—1st prize, L.10; 2d prize, L.5. (Prolonged cheering.) I will allow you to choose your own judges, so that any three or five, along with Mr Guthrie, may judge of and award the prizes. But I will give no prize to any tenant who burns his wreck (I mean the weeds gathered off the fallow land), which I observed was much done when I was here in the spring. Wreck, when carted and put into heaps, forms, when mixed with lime, the best of all composts; or, when first gathered, if put at the bottom of a muck-hill, it will greatly increase the quantity of manure; but to burn it is absolute waste; and, for myself, I would as soon think of burning straw. I said that I wished to see my tenants comfortable and happy. I hope I may be permitted further to say that I shall have a pride in seeing them independent. (Great cheering.) Whatever is due to me, I shall expect them to pay—whatever is not due, I will never exact. Whenever, therefore, they are called upon to exercise their political privileges, I wish them to do so honestly and manfully—not allowing themselves to be dictated to by me, were I disposed to attempt it, but only asking how their consciences bid them vote—being assured that he who obeys his conscience will never displease me. I should feel degraded myself were I compelled to vote one way, while my known opinions were in another; and I shall never attempt to inflict upon you what would prove humbling to myself. I believe the poorest voter has his own notions of what is good and right as deeply implanted in him as I have; and it is by allowing him to act up to his honest feelings that he is to be made a happier and a better, a more prosperous and a more thriving man. This is a subject on which I have thought much, and it is one on which I have had experience. Reflection shows me that my system is just, and experience shows me that it is politic, though I never think of it in that light myself; for, whilst tenants may be led by kindness and consideration, I have always seen that the devil himself won't drive them, and I like them all the better for it."

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

When poison has been swallowed, ascertain from the patient what the nature of the poison is. If mineral, that is, either corrosive sublimate or arsenic, give a teaspoonful of sulphur, or half a teaspoonful of pearl-ash, or a wine glass of soap-suds; afterwards give a teaspoonful of antimonial wine, and plenty of warm water. If vegetable, or oil of vitriol, aquafortis, or oxalic acid, give pearl-ash, or chalk, or magnesia or soap-suds, in plenty of warm water, with a dessert spoonful of antimonial wine, or a scruple of simple powder of ipecacuanha. If laudanum, give a teaspoonful of domestic mustard, and keep the patient walking. If carbonic acid, or fumes of charcoal—open air, keep the body cool; medical aid is required.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

"CHRONOMOROS."

"In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, *the sunne posteth, and the sand runneth.*"—Owen Feltham.

Wearied with hearing folks cry
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, "I don't see
Why Time should not wait upon me;
I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay."
  There is not a labour more vain,
  Than turning the hour-glass again!

I said—"I will read and will write,
And labour all day and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road;"
But I found that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill'd, the faster he flies;
  And I could not the trial maintain,
  Without turning the hour-glass again

Then said I—"If Time has so flown
When laden, I'll leave him alone;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he's nothing to carry away!"
So I sate, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
  As they fell, grain after grain,
  Till I turn'd up the hour-glass again.

Then I cried in a rage, "Time *shall* stand!"
The hour-glass I smash'd with my hand;
My watch into atoms I broke,
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak!
Now, I shouted aloud, "*Time is done!*"
When suddenly down went the sun;
  And I found, to my cost and my pain,
  I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake or we sleep,
Whether we carol or weep,
The sun, with his planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him!
  One link in an infinite chain,
  Is this turning the hour-glass again!

The robes of the day and the night
Are not wove of mere darkness and light:
We read that, at Joshua's will,
The sun for *a Time* once stood still!
So that Time by this measure to try,
Is *petitio principii*:
  For Time's *scythe* is going amain,
  Though he turn *not* his *hour-glass* again.

And yet, after all, *what is Time*,
Renown'd in reason and rhyme?—
A phantom, a name, a notion,
That measures duration or motion?
Or but an apt term in the lease
Of beings, who know they must cease?—
  The hand utters more than the brain,
  When turning the hour-glass again!

The king in a carriage may ride,
And the beggar may crawl at his side
But still, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same pace—
And houses, and trees, and high-way,
Are in the same gallop as they:
  We mark our own steps in the train,
  When turning the hour-glass again!

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St Dunstan's steeple,
  Telling them under the vane,
  Each to turn up his hour-glass again!

MORAL.

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;
We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside;
But whithersoever we go,
The river will flow, flow, flow!
  And now that I've ended my strain,
  Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

[The above appears amongst the original poetry in the new volume of a tastefully conducted annual work, *Fulcher's Ladies Memorandum-Book and Poetical Miscellany*: published by G. W. Fulcher, Sudbury; and Suttaby & Co., London.]

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